

# Red-Skinned Scapegoat

Cryptopsy

Shackled and confined within this tiny cell  
I await punishment for a crime I did not commit  
Flies and rats accompany me here

The bars gleam moist with condensation  
As I sit throughout my last sunrise

This tiny island was called Admiral when I first arrived  
Now it's overpopulated and infested

Framed for murder  
Another red-skinned scapegoat  
My hatred of diversity condemned me

The man they believed I killed  
Was sitting at peace when he was shot in the back  
His dining room table became his deathbed  
Flimsy evidence supporting an airtight case  
The murder weapon misplaced  
Fallen coincidentally to the bottom of the lake

His wife glared at me in the courtroom  
A devilish stare I will never forget  
Her tear-streaked face radiated with a glint of hope  
As the judge revealed his verdict

So now I wait as the sun slowly rises  
Counting on my last hours  
Pleading for forgiveness  
Although I am guiltless

The time has now arrived they are standing outside my chamber  
The noose has been set and the crowd has gathered

The noon sun blinds me as I approach the gallows  
So much that I can't see my family weeping at the back of the square

Tied and bound with a burlap sack over my head  
I can only hear what they are doing to me  
The last thing I perceive is the gasp of the crowd  
Just before the rope swings taut

Framed for murder  
Another red skinned scapegoat  
Left to hang  
In another man's place  
Framed for murder  
Another red skinned scapegoat  
Eternal red skinned scapegoat